OSHANARA, the exponent of Hindu and Burmese dances. whole must recent appearance In New York was in "Yvette," which was seen one night only at the Thirty-much street Pheatre, is to go un tour at the head of her own company of dancers under the direction of Carie E. Cariton. Beginning next M.aday she will play a special engagement of two weeks at the Orheum Theatre, Montreal, and then her tour will begin. Reports had said Roshanara intended to drive into the film art with some dancing scenarios written by herself. Apparently she to to defer this plan.

HOPWOOD WILL SAIL Avery Hopwood says that when he gets through assisting Helwyn & Company produce a comedy he has written for that firm he will go to London and superintend the staging of "Nobody's Widow," with Doris Keans in the role created by Blanche under the Belasco manage Miss Kenne is to use this play of Mr. Hopwood's when her remark-able London engagement in "Ro-

CHARA HAS A NEW PLAY. Fishs O'Hara, Augustus Pitou's ish singing star, has a new play lied "His Heart's Desire." He will ugin his season in Minneapolis Aug. Later in the season be will play New York engagement.

ENGAGES KOJIMA NAMIKO. Petite Kojima Namiko, who danced last week at the German Bazzar, has been engaged by George Blumenthal for the Mary Lee Werthelmer Japanese opera, "Noto." She will interpret the mythological Japanese dance, "The Birth of the Sun."

A PLAY FOR DINEHEART.

Alian Dineheart is to have his vaudeville act, "The Meanest Man in the
World," elaborated into a three-act
play and will appear in it next season. Everett S. Ruskay wrote the
present version. Mr. Dineheart will
apend this season on the Orpheum
Vaudeville Circuit.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

The candidate will shake your hand and squeese it till you holler. He'll slip you smokes of pure rope brand, at sixty for a dollar. He'll slap your back and then he'll say: "Well, how's the wife and kids to-day?" He'll soon convince you you're O. K., a gentleman and scholar. Election day will come around. You'll vote for him with pleasure. Perhaps with victory he's crowned. Boon after, at your leisure, an audience with him you'll seek. He'll say to come again next week. You'll sneak away in manner meek—astonished, in a measure. You'll vow you'll have revenge on him. He's rude and you dislike him. You'll help to make his chances slim next time be runs—you'll spike him by voting for the other man and lending all the aid you can. He's out. On him you've put a ban. Just wait—you'll not be piking. Election time will come once more. He'll meet you and he'll thunder: "I didn't dream that you were sore. Bomebody's made a blunder. You're absolutely right," he'll say. "Well, how's the wife and kids to-day?" He'll get your vote and you're a jay while he—well, he's a wonder.

LET'S START SOMETHIN Albert E. Stuts of No. 418 West Eighty-ninth Street asks us to decide a bet. He wants to know whether Irving Berlin has written more popular song hits than Charles K. Harris. It's "Alexander's Ragtime Band" versus "After the Bail." What do you think, Mr. and Mrs. Reader?

ROUGH ON THE HORSES. Wayne Arey, now acting for the Thanhouser Film Corporation, was cast for the role of Cole Younger in a lurid melodrama some years ago. He had but a short time to get up in his lines and the manager knew he was shaky in them. Just before the curtain went up the manager handed the actor four six-shooters.

"Put two in your holsters and two in your boots," he said.

"Why so many?" asked the actor.

"Whenever you forget your lines shoot a gun. The audience will like it better, anyway."

better, anyway."

Mr. Arey's memory proved so bad
that all the horses in the stable underneath the opera house became
panic stricken and broke loose.

ANNIE GETS A

LETTER FROM

BEAU.

MY' YOU

SOME HIT

WITH HIM

ANNIE. HE

CERTAINLY

DOES THINK

YOU ARE

CRANDEST

GIRL!

MUSTTA MADE

HER VACATION

THOSE GIRLS!

HERE, " I MISS YOU

TERRIBLY, MY HEART

WAS BROKEN WHEN

YOU WENT AWAY"

THE POOR

FISH!



COME ! THINK WE APE GOING TO HAVE COMPANY



DY 6 DALIES! NEVER THOUSET

HENRY HASENPFEFFER

Students of Human Nature, What Is Your Opinion of the Outlook?

By Bud Counihan



This Was Certainly a Bad Time for the Bear to Butt In!

By Vie



GEE, THINK OF IT! AFTER BEIN' LOST IN THE DESERT TEN DAYS - HUNGRY AN' THIRSTY AN' WEARY - WE'RE GONNA BE SAFE IM CAMP IN LESS THAN TEN MINUTES!





PHILIP ADMIRES GRACE. Philip B. Doner, our Ninety-seventh
Street correspondent, has written another poem. This is dedicated to Grace La Rue. Hod dog it! That boy

"What's Your Husband Doing?" can write. Look:

I trust I'm not late,
A poem to relate,
Of one cherming and true.
It's an act that's still
On the Palace bill.
Wooderful Grace Le Rue!

With a smile that's sweet,
And a way petite,
And so art in wearing clothes,
the's a grand relief,
For the summer's heat,
That's some relief—goodness kno

With a chic personality,
And a pleasing banality,
And efforts put into each song.
Then a read little dance.
I was simply enhanced,
Grace to Rue's act can't stay too long.
I'm happy.

GOSSIP.

William Shoen and Elizabeth Mayne have a new vaudeville act. Peggy Smith of "The Passing Show of 1916" is in St. Vincent's Hospital with appendicitis.

DON'T I'S WRITE A

FUNNY HAND, AN'

LOOK AT THE WAY

F-R-E-N-D!

AINT THAT A

SCREAM? YOU

CAN SEE HE AINT

GOT NO EDUCATION!

HE SPELLS FRIEND,

Alma Belwin is to be featured with a male star in a Shubert dramatic production this fall.

Margaret Mann, dramatic editor of husband.

the Chicago Daily News, is a New

Cecil Lean and "The Blue Para-dise" will begin their season at the Garrick, Chicago, on Sept. 17. The initial presentation of Arthur

The initial presentation of Arthur C. Alston's play, "The Girl He Couldn't Buy," will take place in Camden on Labor Day.

W. A. Brady's production of "The Man Who Came Back" will open to-night in Poughkeepsie. It will come to the Playhouse Aug. 30.

William Faversham has arranged for George H. Brennan to be General Manager of all the Faversham theatrical interests.

FOOLISHMENT.

A girl by the name of Irone, Had a beau who was terribly lean, Said she: "Mr. Hatch You look like a match." And her mother said: "Dearie, that's mean!"

By Jack Callahan.

I DON'T THINK

MUCH OF ANY

SHOWS THEIR

LOVE LETTERS

TO THE PUBLIC.

YOU KIN EASILY

TELL SHE NEVER

GOT ONE BEFORE

ONE THAT

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE. Woman (at the door)—I want a man to do odd jobs around the house;

YOU SAID IT, GERT,

ANY GUY THAT'D

WASTE TIME WRITIN'

SHE'S AN AWFUL PILL, ANYWAY.

TO HER. MUST

HAVE BEEN

HARD UP!

BELIEVE ME!

HE MUSTTA

HAD BLINDERS

ON. WHEN HE

THE EVENING WORLD'S Kiddie Klub Korner CONDUCTED BY ELEANOR SCHORER

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mation is complete.

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PIN COUPON

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KLUB KOLUMN

"The Twins and the Lamb."

nos upon a time there lived two girls who
twins. Their mother and father were both
i and the girls laid to sare their own livelid. They were very poor and often went
out their supper.

no day Clara came bome with a pretty little

One day Ciara came home with a pretty little lamb.

"Where did you get that? Surely no one would give away such a pretty little lamb."

"I found it and brought it home."

"Oh. Ciara, what is that? They both looked. It was a little ribbon with a note on the end hing around his heek, and Char read: Whoever finds this lamb and befriends it has but to ask it and it will bring anything they ask for. The girls were wild with loy and they asked for a better house and foos, and they lived haspaily for a year. At the end of that time two liviness passed and when they saw the two yestly girls they asked them to be their wives. This is what they really wished for, although they did not ask it of the lamb. Thay consented and the Princes carried tham off to their castles, which were right next to each other. Here they lived happily, charing the love of the little lamb. It can be a supply the same the sach other. Here they lived happily, charing the love of the little lamb. It EMMA PAULSWORTH.

No. 4500 Katanes Avenue, Woodlawn, N. T

Listen, my children, and you shall hear Of the clu, that Cousin Eisenor, so des like made for the hidden to fare their When the work of the school and the in-

Beading in the "World" the kiddim' news; Finding in the "World" the kiddim' views Of clubbouses as fine, Hurrah for the kiddie coupin of mine! Hurrah for the 'kiddie Klub' Goes the drum, rue-a-dub, dub—Hurrah for the "Kiddie Klub" New YERNA MAE MAHON [13 years). No. 1639 Woodhaven Avenue, Woodhaven, L. I.

"Paneles."

Pansies like the shaded places; With their little friendly faces Always seem to amile and say: "How is the Kindle Kinds to day?" "No. 224 West Forty-minth Street, Manhattan PRANCIS FEIST, No. 501 West One Run dred and Forty and Steet, writes Dear Conditional Feight of the Property and and twent until my father comes home with The Electing World every other night to reading club news.

FRANKIAN CHATTIN, No. 12 Oraton Street, Newark N. J., writes: "Thank you for the pix and certificate. They are just filed! Drawing is my hobby, and I am going to send you many of no drawings."

JOSEPH JOSEPHSON, No. 1878 Boston Road, its All no friends now buy The Evening order on Mondays, Wednesdays and Pridays, so hat they may become members of your Klub, but it on those days and read the news about is Kiddies and to see the prise winning cities.

JOSEPH FISHMAN. No. 502 East Houston of Porky.

Street, Chif. writes: There has never been a club of the country of the countr

The Animals' Circus. GTHERE is nothing finer," said Porky Pig. "than to be one of the pig family."
"You mean to say," said Sir Will-

honor to be a pig?" "I most certainly do," said Porky. "It's a good deal better than being goat." "That depends on who's deciding

the matter," said Sir William. "You may think a goat is stupid and I may think a pig is very borrid." "I should think you would," quacked

Mrs. Goose. "Who'd want to be a goose?" grunt-

"I'd hate to be thought so foolish,"

"A goat is thought pretty silly, you

THE KIDDIE KLUB'S AUGUST PICTURE CONTEST. Subject—Your Idea of A Kiddie Klub Flower Garden.

The Evening World will give five one-dollar awards for pictures drawn this month by KiDDIE KLUB members only. One dollar each for the best picture drawn by a member not over seven years old, eight to nine years old, ten to eleven, twelve to thirteen, fourteen to fifteen years old—five classes in all. Pictures must be received not later than Aug. 30, and must lilustrate the idea suggested above. Beneath your picture you must write your name, address, age and your membership certificate number. Address KiDDIE KLUB PICTURE CONTEST. Evening World, No. 33 Park Row, New York City.



WHEN BEDTIME COMES

By Mary Graham Bonner

Copyright 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) know," cackled Mrs. Goose in a sharp

"Dear me, dear me," said Mrs am Goat, "that you think it's an

"Dear me, dear me," said Mrs.
Grey Dove, "what's all the trouble?"
"A fight," said Porky cheerfully.
"We all like ourselves but we don't think much of other creatures."
"That's no way to get slong in a barnyard," said Mrs. Grey Dove. And she gave a low coo. "Come now," she continued, "I have a fine idea."
"What?" grunted Porky.
"What?" blatted Sir William Goat.
And Mrs. Goose quacked "What?" at the same time with both other animals.

And Mrs. Goose quacked "What?" at the same time with both other animals.

"We'll have a circus," said Mrs. Grey Dove. "And when Dot and Dick, the farmer's children come out to play we'll give them such a good time. We can do all sorts of wonderful tricks."

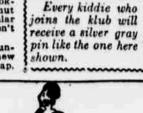
Then Mrs. Grey Dove suggested something for every animal to do and she got together all the barnyard creatures. When Dick and Dot came out to play, Mrs. Hen was trying to see if she could jump higher than Mrs. Goose. Porky Pig was racing with Mr. Peacock—who beat him every time. Red Top, the Rooster was seeing if he could crow louder than Dash, the dog, could bark. And Sharpy, the squirrel, was sitting on an old stump by the fence cating as many peanuts as he could. He thought that should be part of a circus—and it was the part he liked best. For he had saved up a great

many that Dot had given him and he brought them out when the other animals were acting.

"Well, of all the funny things," laughed Dot, as she saw Sharpy looking very wise and munching peanut after peanut. "You're the regular peanut man of the circus, aren't you?"

And though Sharpy didn't quite un-

And though Sharpy didn't quite un-derstand the words she said, he knew enough to drop a peanut into her lap.





by ADOLPH NEUMAN, Age Eleven, No. 247 East Third Street, New York City.